

Ron Weasley...Matchmaker???

by Firenzie

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Summary: About Ron's amazing plan to get some people together, and what those people do. How will it turn out? By the way, those two people are his two best friends...you figure it out.

1. Ron's Amazing Plan

> <meta name="ProgId"> M&M

****Ron Weasleyâ€|Matchmaker???**

By Firenze

****A/N**:** This sounds like a really dumb title, huh? Personally, I'm not even sure what to write. Normally I start with an idea and spend days on the title, but this time I decided to try the other way around. I have no idea how this will turn out, but tell me what you think!

Oh yeah, this is written in multiple points of views, and there is some [unnecessary] cussing. Just to warn you, I wrote this when I was in a pretty bad mood, but nothing at all bad or dark happens. Just cuss words every now and then. And if you have a problem with that, don't talk about it in a review, because I warned you!

****Disclaimer**:** Oh all right. I wish all these were my characters and settings, but sadly they're not. They belong to the fantastic Joanne Kathleen Rowling, Scholastic Books, Bloomsbury Publishing, etc. Now, onwards!

*** * ***

(P.S. This is in Ron Weasley's point of view.)

It was a cloudy Friday evening at Hogwarts. I was really bored, and at the time I was sitting in the common room, thinking of what to

write for Professor Hagrid's (doesn't that sound weird?) essay on my favorite magical creature.

I was sure Hermione had written a 5 parchment essay on unicorns or something. Harry told me he was going to do dragons. Speaking of Hermione and Harry, where were they?

I shook my head. I needed to concentrate; this essay was important. I could think about Hermione and Harry later. Yeah right. I jumped up out of my armchair. I needed to talk to someone, anyone. The most cunning plan had just popped into my head.

The first person I saw was Lavender Brown. She probably wouldn't care less, but I needed to see if it was a good idea.

"Lavender!" I called across the room. For some demented reason, she blushed when she heard me. I just shrugged it off. "C'mere!"

Cheeks still pink, she made her way over to where I was frantically waving. "What â€" what is it â€" Ron?"

_Why was she so nervous??? _I wondered curiously. "Well, I have this question."

"Yes?" she said, stumbling over her words, or rather word.

"Are you all right?" I asked, peering at her. Man, this girl is crazy.

"I â€" I'm fine," she choked out. She flapped her hand around. "Please â€" please continue."

"Well, like I said, I wanted to ask you something. It's kind of important."

Lavender seemed like she could hardly breathe. She looked almost Petrified.

Seriously, there is something wrong with this girl. "Anyway, do you think â€" well, would you ever consider â€" can you see â€" I paused to think.

"How should I say this? I'll just go right out. Lavender, could you ever be able to picture â€" I lowered my voice and whispered in her ear. "â€"As a couple?"

"Really?" she squealed. Then Lavender paused. "Wait, did you say â€" what I thought you said?"

I nodded. "What did you think I said?"

"Never mind," she giggled.

I shrugged it off. I never much understood girls anyway. Especially not Lavender Brown, or any Gryffindor girls for that matter. Nevertheless, I told her my incredible plan. "So, what do you think?"

Lavender contemplated for a while. Isn't it odd to see her _thinking_? "Why don't you ask them?"

"Because then they would know." Wasn't it obvious? Lavender and her friend Parvati Patil are complete bimbos sometimes.

"Still, you should ask them."

Oh yeah, that'll work. Lavender was just a plain brainless git. Why did people think I liked her? She reminded me of a younger, female version of Lockhart, however who was obsessed with Harry Potter and his friends. "Never mind!" I said, and stormed away.

"I wonder what's his problem?" I heard her say as I walked away.

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*** * ***

(Hermione's POV)

I sighed and ran my fingers through my long, chestnut brown hair. I was sitting at a table in the deserted library finishing up all my homework.

I was getting fed up with the Study of Ancient Runes. I know I tell everyone that it's wonderful and all, but I really get sick of deciphering all these figures. I try to act like I really like studying, but I actually prefer having fun.

Why do I act this way then? It's all because of my parents. They have much too high expectations of me. I'm forced to live up to this reputation they're trying to build for me. I can't even live my own life. It's really frustrating.

I tried even harder to focus on the chart. Despite my desperate attempts, my mind started to wander again. I had a wonderful fantasy of me being able to control my own life. I could have as much fun as I wanted. I know that I was away from my parents, but they still checked up on me and had their ways to monitor me.

Then everything became dark. Someone had put their hands over my eyes. "Guess who?"

"Ummmâ€¦Ron? No, Harry?" I guessed stupidly, trying wildly to get their hands off of my eyes. Of course I knew it was Harry, but I knew I'd sound way too eager. Anyway, I felt blinded, and I really don't like it when I can't be in control.

"How did you guess?" Harry asked sarcastically, removing his hands.

"Well," I said, with false graveness, "it was a really tough decision. First, I narrowed it down to people who would actually give a damn â€œ"

Harry laughed and cut me off. "Never mind. What are you doing?"

"My Runes homework," I replied. "And I'm having a terrific time!"

"I know you are," he said dryly.

How could Harry always tell these things? He seemed to know me inside and out. How could a person read anyone's thoughts?

"So, what are you doing this Saturday?" he asked.

"Saturday is a Hogsmeade trip," I began, "so I'll most definitely be sitting alone in the library, as usual. You? Got some hot date or something?"

Harry gave me a foolish grin. "No, not yet. But I will. You see, I was really hoping a really cute someone would like to join me in the trip to Hogsmeade," he said shyly.

"Let me guessâ€¦" I joked. "Cho Chang?" I peered at him. "No, wait. Ginny Weasley? Lavender Brown? Parvati Patil?"

Harry chuckled, and began to talk animatedly, with lots of expression. "Well, you were totally wrong. I was going for a Miss Hermione Granger," he laughed, "but maybe I'll have to take a nice book in her place. I'd never know the difference."

"Even better, you could take a hollow log and dress it up in a plain black robe. Then make it grow an oversized brain and think of nothing but schoolwork. Make it really bossy and strict, and then you've got me," I teased.

Why was I acting so foolish? It was all to get my mind off the fact that Harry had just asked me out. Don't tell me Ron's plan actually worked!

I hadn't changed too much over the years, but I had gotten more self-esteem. I hardly ever cried now, and I truly didn't mind people teasing me. I guess I had gotten stronger that way. I could tease myself too, and I didn't feel anything. I just accepted how I was and realized that I could still change.

"Honestly Hermione, can you take this seriously? Will you please go with me?"

"Why? What's Ron doing?"

Harry laughed at the mention of Ron. "He's trying to find a way to get me to ask you to Hogsmeade."

"He's always a few steps behind isn't he?" I asked, grinning. No, Ron wasn't behind; he had just gotten further with his plan.

Harry grinned. "He doesn't know that I knew. Lavender told me."

"What, was she bragging that Ron had talked to her?" I wondered.

"Actually, yes."

I giggled again. "Okay, I'll go with you. Let's just not tell Ron that we know. It'll be fun seeing what he'll do."

"You're so evil," Harry joked.

I grinned deviously. "I know I am."

*** * ***

****Another's A/N****: Just wanted to add that I plan to write a sequel and it should be up in like a day or so. The next one is mostly in Harry's POV, just so you know. Please give me any comments you have on this fic, and maybe even some predictions or suggestions for the next part. Thanks to everyone for reading this!

2. Harry's Date

> <meta name="ProgId"> MM2

****Ron Weasley's Matchmaker??? ****Part 2****

By Firenze

(Harry's POV)

I woke up the next Saturday morning, bright and early. To my surprise, Ron was already awake. Normally, he slept in, no matter what day it was.

"Hey Harry."

"Why're you up so early?" I yawned. Well, of course I knew.

"No reason."

I scoffed. Yeah right.

"What?" Ron asked.

Okay, the innocent act. Trying to pretend he wasn't trying to set Hermione and me up. "You sound like you have something to say," was all I said.

Ron looked away. "I do."

"Well, what is it?" I tried not to laugh as I wondered how Ron would approach this.

"Are you going to Hogsmeade today?" he asked.

Ooh, good strategy. "Yeah, I guess. You?"

"Maybe," Ron said. "I was planning to ask someone. You?"

So he had this planned out already. "Yeah, why?" HA! How would he respond to that?

"Y â€" you do? W â€" wh â€" who?!"

"You sound pleased," I commented calmly, trying not to burst out laughing.

"WHO?" he repeated maniacally.

"Oh, you know, this girl. She's smart, pretty, nice, funnyâ€¦" These weren't lies. I knew Hermione was smart, and she was prettier than she used to be, and she could be nice and funny if she wasn't stressed out.

"That narrows it down toâ€¦" Ron pretended to be calculating something. "OH! No matches found."

I laughed.

"No, really, do you know how many girls lack a lot of those qualities?" Ron asked. "Even the girl I'm asking is missing some of those."

"Like what? Who are you asking?" I really wanted to know: was he actually asking anyone, or was he doing this as a part of his plan.

"Oh, ummmâ€¦you know, Lavender." _Where the heck did that come from? _I knew he was wondering.

I was positive Ron was thinking that, because I sure as hell was. I thought he hated Lavender! He was always going on, and on, and on about how she was such a ditz. What were the odds?

"You know," Ron said, obviously returning to his plan. "I can only think of one girl with those qualities."

"Oh?" Oh, I knew all right. It was:

"Hermione!"

Yup. Aren't these things so obvious? Time for my shocked act, rightâ€¦_now_. I gasped, and to my surprise, it seemed really believable. "H â€¦ Hermione? Hermione _Granger_?" I asked in mock disbelief.

"Who else?"

"She wasn't the girl," I said. "But I bet the real girl would never go for me."

Ron jeered. "Yeah right. What girl wouldn't fall for the famous Harry Potter, the hero who lived â€¦ three times?"

"Shut up." I tossed a pillow at him amiably.

"You should seriously ask Hermione out," Ron told me, returning to his point. He wouldn't let me forget it too easily.

"Why?" I asked. Why does he want Hermione and I to be a couple anyway?

"Becauseâ€¦because..." He paused. "The truth?"

"No, a lie," I said sarcastically. We always did this whenever anyone asked for the truth.

"Well, Hermione is in love with you."

Oh yeah right! You have to do _waaaaay_ better than that Ron! He could tell me the actual truth at least.

Ron saw by the annoyed look on my face that I doubted him. "I'm serious." He sounded like he was, and that was a stretch.

"How do you know?" I asked, wondering what he would possibly say to cover it up.

Ron actually seemed like he believed what he was saying. "She told me. I'm not supposed to tell you this, but just don't tell her. I happened to find Hermione's diary hanging around so I read it. And on almost every page, it said: I love Harry Potter!

"I asked her about it, but before that I had to admit I read her diary. She almost killed me and died of embarrassment herself. She told me everything, and then she asked for my help to get you to ask her out."

"Do you actually believe what you're saying?" I asked in doubt.

"I swear on everything Harry, she told me that. I kept thinking of a plan. And one night, it just hit me in the face. So I said I could get you to ask her to Hogsmeade!"

"Ron, this is such a load of bullsh!"

"Dammit, _I'm telling the truth!_" he yelled so loudly that I thought all of Hogwarts would wake up. Well, at least all the other Gryffindor boys did.

"What's going on?" Seamus asked worriedly.

"Nothing," Ron said quickly. "Everyone go back to sleep." And in one second, Seamus, Dean, and Neville were snoring again.

He turned to me. "Will you just ask Hermione out? She really wants you to, most likely unlike whoever you plan to ask."

I speculated how I could respond to this. "No, the girl I'm going to ask does want me too. Actually, I already asked her, and she already said yes."

Ron almost fainted. "WHAT?" I heard him muttering under his breath: "_Hermione is going to be so disappointed!"

Seamus, Dean, and Neville stirred again.

"Guess who it is? And here's a hint: Hermione will not be disappointed."

"Who?" Ron asked. I knew just what was running in his mind: How would Hermione be okay if Harry went to Hogsmeade with some other girl and she's in love with him? _

"HERMIONE!" I laughed. I rolled over on my bed. "I got you Ron! You looked so worried."

Ron raised his eyebrows. "You're not " "

"Your plan actually worked!" Neville cried to Ron, sitting up in his bed.

Whoops, I think I yelled so loud that he woke up.

"â€"Serious?" Ron finished.

"I am."

Ron yelled with happiness. "Oh yeah, who's the man!" he yelled and started jumping on his bed.

I laughed just watching him.

"Join in, Harry!" he shouted to me.

"Okay!" I went crazy to and ran around the room. Soon, all the boys were awake and acting stupid. This was only a great beginning to what would be a terrific day.

* * *

****A/N****: Who knows what I was thinking when I wrote this? I decided to do the sequel on the same day, because I am so bored! Sorry again about the cuss words, I need some way to let out my frustration, but this is kind of a happy fic.

Hey, there's still one more part to go, but I might not get to it because I can never write series, no matter how short they are. Just give me your most positive comments, and I might be able to finish the next part. (It'll be about the Hogsmeade trip. I still don't know if it will be 1st person or 3rd person. Hmmmâ€"maybe 2nd? You tell me (in your encouraging reviews, of course).

****Disclaimer****: Any and all of the characters in this fic belong to the goddess J.K. Rowling (j/k), whoever else it belongs to, and most certainly not me (ha, I wish). Don't sue, I am flat broke at this moment.

3. To Hogsmeade We Go

> <meta name="ProgId"> Ron Weasleyâ€"Matchmaker

Ron Weasleyâ€"Matchmaker??? Part 3

By Firenze

****A/N**** I have tons to say! I'll organize it all:

- * My depression days are over! No cuss words in this fic (I hope).

- * This isn't exactly the same 1st person I've been doing. This is still the main characters' POV's, but this time, they're sort of narrating.

- * This one is pretty long, so grab some popcorn.

- * This has some hints of romance in it, and I know I planned to make the third one last, but I had this sudden burst of inspiration and I can't stop writing!

* This is pointless drivel, and they still don't get to Hogsmeade until the last fic (which is probably the next one).

****Disclaimer:** ******All characters, places mentioned, and things in this fic don't belong to me, but to the flying, orange cows (from my weird dreams). Oh, and J.K. Rowling, etc. own them partially too. And one line Ron says to Malfoy in here I got from the movie "The Sandlot". The only thing that's mine is Seamus' girlfriend Marlene.

* * *

The sun was shining, the sky was all blue with no clouds at all, it was warm and a slight breeze ruffled the air, and the day was perfect.

Too bad the day of the Hogsmeade trip was nothing at all like that. It started out that way, but things took a turn for the worst. The sun was nowhere in sight, the sky was dark, gloomy, covered with grayish clouds, and rain was pouring down hard endlessly.

Yet some people thought the day was still great. Possibly because everyone had been so anxious to get to Hogsmeade.

That morning, we all wolfed down our breakfasts without remembering to chew. All table manners were forgotten in restlessness to leave as soon as possible.

I shoved a biscuit into his mouth and nearly swallowed it whole.

Ron did the same thing with his sunny-side-up eggs. "If we never get to Hogsmeade, it'll be too soon," he said with his mouth full.

"Then why are you eating so fast?" Dean asked him, gulping down his glass of milk with a loud _glug, glug, glug_ sound.

"I don't know," he admitted.

Lavender still didn't know that he had said he was going to ask her out, and he hoped it stayed that way.

"Maybe if I eat fast enough, I can be the first in line to leave and I'll just avoid Lavender all day."

"You guys make a very good couple," a sixth year who none of them really knew personally teased.

"Yeah, ask her out Weasley!" another sixth year shouted.

"She absolutely fancies you," a blond fifth year girl said.

"As if that isn't obvious," I laughed.

"Fine, I'll ask her out," Ron lied, knowing they would never leave him alone. "But only for your people's sake."

"Make it a double date," Dean suggested to Ron. "You and Lavender and Harry and Hermione."

"No, I think Harry and Hermione would rather be alone," Seamus snorted.

"Shut up," I said a little too late, all too aware of my flushed face. Everyone snorted with laughter.

Anxious to get them to stop laughing at me, I changed the subject. "By the way, where is Hermione?" That only made them snicker even more.

"Miss Mudblood Lover Girl is getting ready for her date with Mr. Big Headed Potter," a voice drawled behind us.

"Go swallow some venomous leeches Malfoy," Ron growled. "Wait, I forgot, you are one."

Malfoy sneered, and Crabbe and Goyle cracked their knuckles and snarled.

Ha, what a bunch of gits. They couldn't even dream of touching a hair on our heads while all the teachers were around.

"Weasley, you're so ugly, that even if you were as rich as your family is poor, and you actually had the money to get plastic surgery, the doctors would get scared of your horrible appearance and move to another country to get away from you monstrosity." Malfoy grinned and his expression seemed to be saying 'top that.'

"At least Ron and I can get dates," I retorted, rather lamely, clutching as best I could onto Ron's robes as he took frantic swipes for Malfoy's ugly rat face. "Unlike you ugly brutes," I added.

It took all Malfoy had not to tell Crabbe and Goyle to beat the two of them up.

"Yeah," Ron snarled, still struggling against my strong grip. "Malfoy, you're so ugly that if I had a dog as ugly as you, I would shave its butt and tell it to walk backwards."

Seamus snorted his orange juice out of his nose and sprayed them all. I almost choked on his oatmeal with laughter.

Malfoy lunged at Ron, yelling curse words. He clawed at him and punched him in any place possible. Ron, for some reason, didn't fight back, he just held Malfoy off.

"Professors!" Ginny stood up suddenly and shrieked across the room. "Draco Malfoy is attacking my brother!"

In an instant, all the teachers appeared by the Gryffindor table. Malfoy saw them and squealed, his colorless face paled even more.

McGonagall grabbed the back of his robes and yanked him away. He fell to the ground with a thud. "Explain yourself Malfoy," she spat out, her lips the thinnest of thin lines and her nostrils flaring.

"I was â€" I was â€" "

"I thought so," she said, and led him by the ear to her office. Snape

wore a mixture of two expressions: happy that he tried to assault Ron and disappointed that he hadn't been able to do it successfully.

"He's probably getting a detention, points from Slytherin, and maybe he won't be able to go on the Hogsmeade trip!" Ron grinned and I did too.

I felt just like Hermione did in our first year, when she said: _"Malfoy's got detention. I could sing!"_ I laughed, just remembering the odd jig that she did, and thankful that she had held herself in and restrained from singing. I decided to also.

So even though the weather was horrible, the day so far had held many wonderful things, and there were tons more to come.

* * *

(Hermione)

I woke up much earlier than I usually did, and I'm an early riser. I was so disappointed when I saw that rain was pouring down amazingly hard. I feared that the trip to Hogsmeade might be canceled, and I didn't want my first date with Harry to be called off!

Even though I was up and ready especially early, but I didn't go down to the common room or Great Hall just yet, because I was sure I'd make a huge fool of myself in front of Harry.

Which got me thinkingâ€¦ Did Harry really consider it a date? Sure, he said he'd love for me to go with him to Hogsmeade, but he never specifically used the word "date" once, I don't think.

With my worries, I didn't even notice when Lavender and Parvati woke up, dressed, and spent half an hour applying their cakes of make-up. Before the left for breakfast a few minutes late, they must have attempted to speak to me a few times, but I was so lost in another world.

They must have thought I was daydreaming about Harry. That didn't help at all. I was so nervous that I decided to skip breakfast entirely and eat at Hogsmeade later on. I wasn't that hungry anyway.

I finally saw Harry and Ron on my way down the corridor to the main entrance out of the castle, just before the carriages were leaving.

"Where were you?" Ron growled at me.

"I was â€" I was â€" I overslept," I lied. I'm horrible at fibbing.

Ron just looked at me skeptically. "Perfect Hermione _oversleeping_?" he said in mock surprise.

"Shut up," I murmured.

I had a feeling he had another sarcastic remark to make, but I was glad he decided against it.

Harry never said a whole word on our way to the entrance. His cheeks were pinker than usual, and he just stared down at the floor with his hands in his robe pockets.

I wanted to talk to him, but Ron was so busy chattering away like a chipmunk, I never had the chance. To be honest, I had no idea of a single thing he said, but the name "Lavender" came up frequently.

We reached the entrance, showed our permission slips, and Ron left us behind when we got outside. He said he was running from Lavender.

While Harry and I walked under my small umbrella, I shivered, and he noticed.

He seemed to be trying to do something his mind was urging him to, but maybe he was too embarrassed to actually go through with it. I saw his arm move closer to me a few times, but he suddenly just shoved his hand back in his pocket.

Finally, he spoke. "Are you cold?" He asked it really softly, and I barely heard it over the loud sound of raindrops hitting the ground.

"No," I chattered.

Did he just look disappointed? It didn't sound like it in his voice though. "I don't really believe you, but okay, if you say so." It was so nice to have Harry trust me, despite what I was saying, even if he knew it was a lie.

"Yeah." I gripped my umbrella tighter. It was raining. And cold. Yet we were walking so incredibly slow. We hadn't even reached an empty carriage yet, but we had been walking for ten minutes.

"We should probably get into a carriage now," Harry said, huddling closer to me under the umbrella so he wouldn't get soaked. "Unless you want to walk to Hogsmeade."

I giggled a bit for no reason and nodded. We glanced at each other and rushed to the nearest carriage that didn't have Slytherins, or squealing 3rd years, or a couple kissing.

However, the one we got in wasn't empty either. No more empty ones were left anyway. Justin Finch-Fletchley was inside, but he looked asleep. His curly hair was wet and messy, and it got into his face while he snored.

Harry quickly glimpsed at me, and I understood what he was thinking. He timidly held out his hand and took my own to help me in, where we sat down next to each other on the opposite side of Justin. Harry closed the door, and when we thought we were going to leave, the door flew open.

Mandy Brocklehurst and Terry Boot from Ravenclaw rushed inside, both holding hands and sopping wet.

"Can we get in here? Every other one is full," Terry explained

breathlessly, as he brushed his drenched hair out of his eyes.

Harry nodded slightly. "Sure."

They took a seat next to Justin. When we finally expected to leave, the door was pried open again.

It was Seamus and a girl with strawberry blond hair and bright sapphire eyes, who was from Ravenclaw and a year younger than us. His arm was around her, and they asked if they could sit here too, because it had more room than the other carriages.

Harry opened his mouth probably to explain that it was a bit packed already, but they just squeezed in next to him. I found myself almost unable to breathe.

Justin finally awoke and gasped at the six soaked people who were squished into the small carriage. "Hi," he said apprehensively.

"Hi," everyone chorused unenthusiastically.

"Am I the only person here without a date?" he wondered aloud.

"Most likely the only person in school who's over a 3rd year," Seamus said.

"I'm not sure about Harry and Hermione, though," Mandy said, acting as though we weren't there.

"Why not?" the other Ravenclaw girl asked. Her name was Marlene something.

"They don't act like a couple," Terry answered for her.

"We aren't, that's why," Harry replied.

"I thought you were going as dates to Hogsmeade," Marlene squeaked. "At least, that's what Ginny told me."

"We're going _together_, not as _dates_," I explained firmly.

I was shocked with myself. I had hoped it was a date, but I was convincing them otherwise. I didn't just bewilder them, but I muddled my own self.

****A/N: **_Hermione's POV is getting too long. I'm going to change this to Justin's POV, for no particular reason, but just so it seems like it's in third person sort of. Any time someone's POV gets too long (in my eyes), I'll just switch it)._**

**** ****

*** * ***

(Justin)

Whether if it was their plan or not, Harry and Hermione had succeeded in jumbling up my head. I was so confused, since for days, the school

talked of nothing but those two, "the perfect couple". But according to them, they weren't even a couple!

"So you two just went together because Ron had a date, and you didn't want to be left out?" Marlene asked curiously.

"No," Harry and Hermione said simultaneously.

Harry explained everything. Ron had planned to set the two of them up secretly, but Harry heard the plan, asked Hermione out before Ron started his plan, and they wanted to see how he reacted. In the end, he lied and said he was asking out Lavender.

"But he isn't?" I asked.

Hermione giggled. "Of course not."

"Don't be so sure." Seamus grinned. "Lavender heard that Ron said he was going to ask her out, so then he had to actually ask her to Hogsmeade."

"Poor Ron!" Hermione said, still unable to conceal her laughter.

"I thought he hated Lavender," Mandy said, "since he's always going on about how ditzy she is."

"That's true," Hermione answered. She was about to say something else, when the carriage gave a sudden lurch to the right, and Harry fell on top of her.

Seamus was squashing Harry flat, and Marlene topped the load. Mandy landed in my lap, and Terry didn't seem too happy about that.

"That's it!" Hermione said. "I'm too crowded here! We can't even fit in here! Marlene, sit on Seamus' lap or something, because I can't breathe!"

As she straightened herself up, she said much gentler, "Harry, it would help if you got off me."

"He's relishing the moment," Terry joked.

"Shut up," he said amiably and scooted over, only to be pushed back over by Seamus.

"We're crowded enough," he explained calmly.

Hermione groaned. "Marlene, I'm serious, you have to sit on Seamus' lap. It's the only way I can actually breathe."

"Why don't you sit on Harry's?" I asked Hermione, grinning widely.

"No way!"

"Harry didn't object," Seamus snorted.

"Will you be quiet?" he asked, obviously blushing.

"Forget this," Hermione announced suddenly. "I'm so sick of this ride. We have a good thirty minutes left, so just leave me alone so I can take a quick nap." She leaned against the wall of the carriage and fell asleep immediately.

I decided to sleep to, since I didn't have enough sleep last night. Instantaneously, I started to snore and continue the pleasant dream I was having before everyone else came in.

* * *

(Mandy)

Hermione went to sleep first, then Justin, and finally Harry proclaimed that he would too. After that, we told so many jokes about Hermione and Harry that we finally grew tired of it!

Since I was probably the most bored, I just observed everyone else.

Marlene at last agreed to sit on Seamus' lap to allow the sleeping couple to have room. At one point, Seamus slipped his arm around his precious Marlie, who was sleeping, and so Terry did the same to me.

I rested my head on his shoulder and spent minutes of silence just watching "the perfect couple" snooze.

After a while, Hermione's head fell onto Harry's shoulder, and Harry unknowingly slipped his arm around her while they were still resting.

Hermione had a smile on her face (maybe having a dream about her and Harry), and she snuggled closer to Harry. His head drooped on top of hers, and they just slept, innocently cuddling together.

They looked so cute together! How were they not a couple? I would never be able to get those two strange Gryffindors who were always running around breaking rules, going on adventures, sneaking out at night, and playing pranks on Malfoy and his crew with that Weasley boy.

Then, after a long time of uncomfortably riding in the cramped carriage, we came to a stop. Finally, finally, we had reached Hogsmeade!

Hermione yawned and stretched, and realized to her dismay that her head had been on Harry's shoulder. Harry jumped up awake, and instantly he took his head off Hermione's head and his arm away from her shoulder.

It was funny to see them acting so squeamish after that. If they couldn't handle that, what would their date at Hogsmeade be like?

End of Part 3 (Finally!!!)

To find out what Harry and Hermione's date or whatever will be like, read Part 4, which will be the last (I think). It'll be about the trip to Hogsmeade, and it will have the romance, I promise. Thanks

for reading, and don't forget to review! I'm so sorry that this was long and pointless, but I have an extreme case of what contrasts greatly with writer's block.

4. Fun in the Sun -- er, Rain

> <meta name="ProgId"> Ron Weasleyâ€|Matchmaker

Ron Weasleyâ€|Matchmaker??? Part 4

By Firenze

****A/N: ****This has what goes on with H/H's date, the Hogsmeade trip, and it has the romance. It should be the last in this pathetic series. This also has lots of spoilers if you haven't read The Prisoner of Azkaban (yeah right), because Harry and Hermione talk about their third year a lot.

Sorry, but this story got so long that I had to split it into two more parts. Sorry for the inconvenience, but it was actually a good thing since it was more than 10 pages long! _Oh yeah, this is 3rd person this time to make it easier._ Read and review!

****Disclaimer: ****Everyone, everything, and anything else belongs to J.K. Rowling, etc. I only own Marlene, Seamus' girlfriend, and Emily, Colin's sister. I also own Rainbow Suckers, Candy Time-Turners, Invisible Slime Balloons, and the Creepy CafÃ©.

* * *

The rain didn't seem to stop falling, and it was pouring down even harder in Hogsmeade. The carriage with Justin, Harry, Hermione, Mandy, Terry, Seamus, and Marlene finally came to a stop. Justin, Hermione, and Harry woke up, and everybody got off the carriage.

Hermione, who was still feeling uncomfortable about what had happened on the ride there, opened up her umbrella, and Harry, who was also uneasy, got under it too. They walked to the village in silence.

They got to the main square. "Where do you want to go first?" Harry asked Hermione.

"I don't know. Maybe Honeydukes?" she suggested.

"Okay," he agreed, "Ron's probably there."

"With Lavender!" They both laughed, seeing a visual picture of Lavender prancing around the sweetshop and babbling non-stop, clutching to Ron's arm, and him with a pained look on his face.

They ran to Honeydukes, because it was really cold. A lot of students were crowded around there already. Hermione closed her umbrella and Harry let her in first.

As they guessed Ron and Lavender were there, and their mental picture had been correct, except Ron wasâ€|_happy_??? When he caught sight of Harry and Hermione, he grinned even wider and waved.

"See, I told you I could get them together," he said to Lavender, who pulled him off to look at the barrel of Bertie Bott's Every-Flavor beans.

"Maybe Ron really does like Lavenderâ€|" Harry said contemplatively.

'Who'd have guessed,' Hermione thought.

She went off to look at some of the new candy, like the Rainbow Suckers, lollipops that turned your tongue and teeth different colors that changed every five seconds, or the Candy Time-Turners, which looked just like the real things. Of course, they didn't work, but each had a card inside the hourglass, which focused on a different year and told of the famous events that happened.

Harry found Blaise Zabini and Morag McDougal there, secretly grabbing handfuls of Pepper Imps and sneaking them into their pockets.

He turned away to talk to Ron, but all he managed was a, "How's it going?" before Lavender dragged Ron, who couldn't reply, to the post office, rambling about how she needed to mail her best Muggle friend a letter.

Harry and Hermione decided to leave too soon after that. When they walked back outside under the umbrella, their pockets bulged with sugar quills, Tooth-flossing Stringmints, Chocoballs, Jelly Slugs, Every Flavor Beans, Fizzing Whizbees, lots of fudge, Ice Mice, toffees, and other sweets.

Next, they decided to visit Zonko's Joke Shop. They spent a long time in there, looking at prank things to use on Malfoy, who wasn't allowed to go on the trip, and the other Slytherins. Harry bought some Filibuster's Fireworks, a bag of Invisible Slime Balloons that only popped when they hit someone, and about half the store.

Even Fred and George didn't have close to as much stuff as he bought. But they weren't paying much attention as they ran out the store pelting Katie Bell and Alicia Spinnet with their newly bought dungbombs.

It was close to lunchtime when Harry and Hermione left the store, and Hermione was nearly starving.

"I was planning to have a picnic," Harry said, "but with this weatherâ€|" He glanced at the dark sky and raindrops pelting down.

"It was sweet of you to think of it," Hermione said shyly, still wishing that they could have had a picnic.

Harry turned red. "T-thanks," he stammered.

"We could always eat at that small restaurant right by the Shrieking Shack," she suggested. "The Creepy CafÃ© or something."

"Okay," Harry said, with an odd gleam in his bright, emerald eyes. "Race you!" he shouted, and sprinted off.

"Wait up!" Hermione called, putting away her umbrella and running to catch up.

It was nice that they had finally stopped acting weird around each other, and now they just behaved like they normally did before "Ron's Incredible Plan" or the "perfect couple" nonsense.

Hermione refused to let Harry allow her to win, so he got there first and waited outside the café. She came panting and smiling, but right when she was almost there, she slipped in a muddy area and fell.

Harry caught her, but they toppled over and landed in a huge puddle. They were now filthy with sludge, but they just sat in the puddle laughing their heads off.

People dining in the café looked out the window, watched them, and thought they were just plain idiots. Hermione noticed the people staring after a while, and told Harry.

So he offered a grimy hand to help her up, but they were so breathless with laughter that she accidentally pulled him back in. After ten minutes of craziness, they composed themselves, and wiped the muck off them as best as possible. The rain helped to wash it off.

Completely drenched and still dirty, they opened the door and walked inside. They had a quick lunch, but they kept thinking of what had happened outside and burst into laughter every now and then. Hermione ate a ham and turkey sandwich with some pumpkin juice, and Harry hardly touched his own corned beef sandwich.

Harry offered to pay for it, but Hermione insisted on paying for her own meal. Date or no date, she wouldn't make her best friend buy her things for her. After that, they walked up the slope to the Shrieking Shack.

Some 3rd years were there, looking scared and refusing to walk any closer to the gate.

"I heard it's the most severely haunted building in all of Britain," a little Ravenclaw girl with thick glasses said.

Harry laughed and shot Hermione a look, remembering that was the exact thing Hermione had said in the beginning of their third year.

"Oh, what does the Sites of Historical Sorcery know?" she laughed. She unwrapped a Rainbow Sucker and popped the lollipop in her mouth.

"Maybe Lupin's was just inside there," Harry said. "After all, last night was a full moon."

Hermione smiled, showing a set of green teeth, which changed light blue. Harry and her doubled over laughing. Again, they acted like a bunch of lunatics in the rain.

The 3rd years stared. "They've gone loony with fright," a Hufflepuff boy said.

Colin Creevy's little sister Emily just snapped some pictures of Harry in front of the Shrieking Shack with her camera.

Hermione noticed her. "Can I have your autograph, mister?" she asked Harry in a high-pitched voice, her teeth a dazzling magenta.

"They're weird," another Ravenclaw girl said. "Let's go visit Dervish and Bangs."

"Colin told me they have these neat magical instruments," Emily said, as they walked away.

"I don't see much point in staying either," Harry said.

"Yeah, we're one of the only people who actually know this place isn't haunted," Hermione added. "So there's no real thrill in looking at the place."

"Remember how we found out it wasn't haunted?" Harry asked her.

"I don't want to think about that much," she admitted, "but yes, I do. How could I forget?"

"Nothing bad really happened," Harry said casually, leaning against the damp fence. "We only caught up with my godfather who we thought was a murderer, met one of Vol $\hat{=}$ " _You-Know-Who's _followers who's responsible for killing my parents, watched our DADA professor turn into a werewolf, knock out an ignorant teacher, and have Ron break his leg."

Hermione giggled. "Good things happened too, especially to you."

"Like what?"

"You tried to kill Sirius Black, who we thought was an escaped convict, which was very brave, and matured a lot in just a few hours, by figuring your parents wouldn't like it if you, Black, or Lupin killed Pettigrew."

"I never looked at it that way," he confessed.

"You should."

"You know what we should do right now?" Harry asked.

"What?"

"We should really get out of the rain before one of us catches pneumonia."

Hermione giggled again, and this time, her teeth were sparkly white like normal. "You sounded like me!"

"I'm serious, Hermione," he said in a high-pitched voice. "If we don't get inside somewhere soon, I'll $\hat{=}$ " I'll tell McGonagall!"

"Quit it," she said, clutching her stomach with laughter. She pushed him into a puddle.

"Not this again," he groaned, and picked up a handful of sludge.

"Oh no you don't!" Hermione shrieked, as he tossed it at her. She dodged it.

Harry picked up some more greenish mud; much like the one he had thrown in Malfoy's silvery blond hair in their 3rd year, and chased Hermione down the hill.

* * *

Sorry about breaking it off here. This was too long, so I had too. The next part should be up at the same time though, so don't worry. I swear, I will try to make it the last one, but this opposite of writer's block thing is making me go on a writing frenzy! Please, please, please tell me what you thought of this!

5. Ron Weasley...Matchmaker???

> <meta name="ProgId"> Ron Weasley...Matchmaker??? Part 5

Ron Weasley|Matchmaker??? Part 5

By Firenze

****A/N:**** Okay, if this doesn't end up to be the last part, I'm really sorry. I just keep getting too many new ideas. This one is probably going to have some spoilers if you haven't read all three books (who hasn't?). This has the cheesy romance that I promised it would have. This is also in third person.

****Disclaimer:**** All characters and places, etc. belong to J.K. Rowling and whoever else.

* * *

"I wonder how Harry and Hermione are doing," Ron said to Lavender, as they walked out of the bookstore. "Think they're having a good time?"

"I'd say so," she said positively.

"How do you know?"

"Look over there." Lavender pointed a bit up the street.

Harry was running down it, jumping and dodging some globs of mud. Behind him was Hermione, throwing them. Harry paused and turned around, only to be hit in the stomach with a ball of muck. Laughing, he reached into his pocket and pulled out nothing, which he threw.

To Lavender's surprise, it wasn't really nothing, because suddenly something popped and Hermione's head dripped with orange slime.

"I'm going to get you!" she threatened Harry, dashing to him.

"Truce!" Harry yelled. "This has been going on far too long Hermione!"

"Giving up Potter?"

"You were right," Ron told Lavender quietly.

"I think they're having a bit too much fun," she added, when Harry and Hermione went back to chasing each other.

Half an hour later, they finally tired of acting like screwballs and sat down to rest on a bench under a streetlamp. The rain washed over them since Hermione had let Ron and Lavender borrow her umbrella. At least the slime was finally out of her hair, and all the mud gone from their clothes.

Hermione had finally regained her breath a few minutes after Harry did. They were completely calmed down at last.

"So what do you want to do?" he asked.

"Get out of the rain. It's getting really cold."

Harry got that weird expression like he did in the morning when she was shivering. "Okay, me too. Want to go to the Three Broomsticks? We can get some butterbeers to warm us up."

Hermione nodded and shivered again. Why had she forgotten her thick, warm cloak when it was raining? She was wearing her old cloak, which was thin and had a few holes.

"Let's go." Harry stood up, and she did too. "Should we run? It's a few blocks away."

"Okay." Then hastened off to the Three Broomsticks.

As they were running, Hermione slipped on the wet pavement. _'This is really going to hurtâ€|'_ _she thought, wincing. _THUD! _It did.

--

Harry stopped running when he heard the loud thump. Was that Hermione? To make sure, he looked over his shoulder. She was lying on the ground. "Are you okay?" he asked, dashing over.

"Yeahâ€|just fineâ€|" she said weakly.

"No, you're not, Hermione. You're hurt badly, and you know it." He looked at her sympathetically. "Can you get up?"

She tried to push herself up off the ground, but she didn't have the strength. "I think I sprained my ankle."

"I hope you haven't broken you legâ€|" Harry trailed off when he saw her left leg sticking out at an odd angle.

She was crying. "_Owww_â€|"

"I don't know any good bone-fixing spells, and I wouldn't trust myself to anyway. I'll just do what Lupin did to Ron before." He pulled out his wand and racked his brain. "What was it? Oh yeah, _Ferula_."

Hermione's leg was put into a splint, and Harry offered his hand to help her up. His sympathetic green eyes looked into her frightened light brown ones. "Are you all right now?" he whispered.

She nodded, still not breaking the gaze. "Thank youâ€|"

"Don't mention it. I'm just glad that you're somewhat better. Will you be okay now? Can you walk? Want to go back to Hogwarts?"

Why was he worrying about her so much? Well, it was nice that he was. "I'll be fine now, and I should be able to walk, but no more running. And I don't want to go back to Hogwarts, let's stay here," she said.

"Good. Let's get to the Three Broomsticks then." Harry subconsciously reached for her hand and held it.

She looked at him in surprise.

He quickly dropped her hand. "Oh, I'm sorry! Why did I do that? I don't know what I was thinkingâ€|what I was _doing_â€| I'm so dumb; I'm really sorry!"

Hermione raised her eyebrows. She had never seen Harry so paranoid. "Harry, calm down. I was just caught by surprise, that's all. It's actually kind ofâ€|nice."

_ 'Nice?' _he thought in shock.

"I mean," Hermione continued. "It sort of made me feel better, I guess. I feltâ€|safe? I don't know, but don't worry about it." She took his hand.

"O-okay," he said numbly. Why was he acting so dumb? _ 'It's not like she and I haven't held hands before.' _

They reached the Three Broomsticks, still holding hands. When they walked inside, everyone stared at them, so they let go.

Hermione shifted uncomfortably. "I'll find a seat."

"I'll get the butterbeers," Harry offered, and hastened away. He saw Dean, Lisa Turpin, Seamus, and Marlene laughing at him, so he walked faster. Madam Rosmerta recognized him as "the boy who lived," and let him have free butterbeers.

Hermione couldn't find a single empty seat anywhere. The whole place was filled because of the rain. She glanced aroundâ€| "Hagrid!" she exclaimed.

The giant professor and gamekeeper sat at a booth in the corner in the way back. He stared at her in shock. "Hermione? Wha' happened ter yer leg?"

"Oh, I broke it," she said casually, like she broke her leg all the time.

"Tha's uhhhâ€|bad."

"Yeah. Can we sit here?" she asked.

"We?" he asked, his eyes twinkling. Obviously, he knew about Hermione and Harry.

"Harry and me. He went to get the butterbeers."

"Well, o' course yeh can sit with me."

Harry came walking over with two butterbeers as Hermione sat down. "Hi Hagrid!" he said cheerfully. "Sorry I never visited youâ€|I've been really busy and allâ€|"

"S'alright, Harry. I know yeh've got a lot ter do."

They drank their butterbeers and Hagrid sipped from his huge tankard. He started to sway after a while, as he got more and more drunk.

"Hagrid," Hermione said gently. "You should get back to the castle. Look, there's Professor McGonagall," she said, gently shoving him towards the strict professor.

"Yeah _â€" _got ter let yeh two alone now _â€" _don' wanna get in the way o' wha'ever yer're planning ter doâ€|yer can jes' have fun now withou' an adult watchin' yer_â€" _kiss_â€" _flirt_â€" _do wha'ever yer two wan'â€|jes' s'long as yeh don' go too farâ€|I know yeh won' though_â€" _yer good kids_â€" _the perfect couple, tha's wha' they call yeh at the school, yeh knowâ€|" His voice was slurred even more than usual.

"You should go now Hagrid," Harry said. He was blushing furiously, like Hermione.

Hagrid walked off to McGonagall, who lead him out of the Three Broomsticks as he swayed back and forth.

"That wasâ€|" Harry began.

"Embarrassing?" Hermione finished. "The perfect coupleâ€|my god," she muttered. She buried her face in her hands.

"They always called us that, even before I asked you to come with me here, did you know that?"

"They did?" she said in shock.

"Yeah, it started around our second year, the time you were Petrified by the basilisk. I visited you a lot every night, so people started saying I liked you. It stopped when you got better. It started up again at the end of our third yearâ€|" Harry trailed off. "But like you really care."

"Did you really, though?" Hermione asked.

"Did I really what?"

"Didâ€|" Hermione paused. "Did you really like me?" she asked quietly.

Harry squirmed. "Wellâ€|ummmâ€|yeah, kind of."

"Me too."

His eyes widened. "You did?"

"Of course. I had these huge crushes on you for the longest times. I'd like you, we'd be friends, I'd get mad at you, we'd be friends, and I'd like youâ€|" She stopped.

She had this sudden urge to tell him everything. "It all started after I found out I was a witch. I wanted to find out everything about this world that was so new to me. I first heard about you in Madam Malkin's Robe Shop, where Parvati and her twin were chattering about how we'd be in the same year as you. I read a lot about you, saw pictures, and I started to like you.

"When I met you on the Hogwarts Express though, you acted kind of cold to me so I forgot about trying. Sometimes I'd follow you around at school, but Ron hated me so I just gave up. When you saved me from the troll thoughâ€|it all came back. That time, it lasted to the end of the year."

She remembered it all so well, when they were trying to get past to get the Sorcerer's Stone.

_"But Harry â€" what if You-Know-Who's with him?" _

_ _

_"Well â€" I was lucky once, wasn't I?" said Harry, pointing at his scar. "I might get lucky again." _

_ _

Hermione's lip trembled and she suddenly dashed at Harry and threw her arms around him.

_ _

_"_Hermione!_" _

_ _

_"Harry â€" you're a great wizard, you know." _

_ _

"I'm not as good as you," said Harry, very embarrassed, as she let go of him.

_ _

_"Me!" said Hermione. "There are more important things â€" friendship

and bravery and " oh Harry " be _careful_" _

Harry listened to Hermione in shock. She told of how it was an on-again, off-again thing, and how she'd occasionally like Ron. How she liked him a lot during their third year and she kept trying to look out from him, but he called her bossy.

Then Harry told his story. At first, he thought Hermione was just a know-it-all without any friends. Then he started to feel bad that he was so mean to her when she had it bad enough, so he worried about her a lot at Halloween. He began to like her, and then he didn't.

They both shared that strange on-again, off-again, I like you, I don't like you situation, but always at different times.

"So what is it now?" Hermione asked Harry when he finished, taking a sip of butterbeer.

"What's what?"

"On or off?"

Harry blushed crimson. "Ummm"

"On?"

He nodded, very embarrassed.

"Well me too."

"So we both like each other at the same moment this time?" Harry asked slowly.

Hermione nodded.

"Well that's good."

"Yeah."

They finished up their butterbeers without talking any more. This time, Harry paid for them despite Hermione's arguing. Then they left the Three Broomsticks and just wandered around in the rain.

* * *

Ron and Lavender sat on a bench under Hermione's umbrella.

At was at this point that Ron realized that he hadn't hated Lavender like he thought. He had actually liked her! He told her that, and she smiled.

"I knew it all along."

"What?" Ron asked, shocked.

"I'm a Seer, remember? I foresaw it all in a fire reading. We were meant to be," she explained.

"We're not the only ones," Ron said, grinning.

Lavender raised her eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"Look over there," Ron said, gesturing to two figures across the street that walked over and sat on a bench under a broken streetlamp.

The boy took off his cloak and put it over the cold girl. The girl just took it off again and draped the cloak around both of them. Then the boy put his arm around the shivering girl, who rested her head on his shoulder.

The boy whispered something and the girl looked up. Then he kissed her on the lips. The streetlamp suddenly flickered on, bathing the two in a pale light.

"They seem perfect for each other," Lavender murmured.

"I'd say so," Ron agreed. "Because that's Harry and Hermione."

Lavender smiled. "Why am I not that surprised?"

"I think everyone knew it all along."

"You knew it first," Lavender whispered.

Ron stood up. "And to think Harry and Hermione wouldn't even be together without my help," he announced proudly.

Two people walked up behind him.

"What are you talking about Ron?" Harry asked.

"You think you're responsible for us getting together?" Hermione laughed.

"Hey, if I didn't come up with my great planâ€¦"

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "It just doesn't fit! Ron Weasleyâ€¦|_matchmaker_"

Scene fades away.

* * *__

THE END (Finally!)

Sorry for that pathetic ending. But at least I finally finished a whole series. Personally, I thought it sucked, so please tell me what you think!

End
file.